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## The Cat Eats The Mouse

Sarah Matisse

# The Mouse Eats The Cat



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### Chapter 1 by Sarah Matisse-Damon

I never knew how delicious cold pizza could be. I heard my mom open up the refrigerator door from my room. I thought she must be getting a snack, because we have nothing in our refrigerator that isn't from 1990's. She brought me in cold pizza. From the night before. The stale smell of cheese and pepperoni brought memories back. From being young, when I got my first burn at Chuck. E Cheeses, when I was 6. I spilled a greasy piece on my white dress ( which was stupid because someone was bound to throw up on me, because, c'mon. It's Chuck E. Cheeses.) and my mom didn't notice until she saw my dress, because I was completely silent. The pizza had landed on my bare legs, and a little splatter of red could be seen on my dress. She immediately took the pizza off my legs, to examine if it had done harm. It had. My leg looked like a sausage slice. My brother says we could have sued them. We didn't. And, Chuck W's knew that too. They payed for the whole party of me and my family. My mom rubbed my forehead, and placed a little cup of purple NyQuil on my bed, along with something to wash it down with.

### Chapter 2 by Eloise



I hadn't been sick for a long time. But that's what happens when you accidentally eat something moldy. I had been barfing. A lot.

So Mom decided to stay home from work. I had been given the wrong kind of medicine, which made this happen. I feel like I'm on the brink of death. Literally I feel awful.

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Mom's been wonderful, though. Before bringing me pizza, she brought me juice, and sat on my bed reading me a story. I mean, it's kinda kiddie, but I didn't mind.

After I ate my pizza (thankfully, it was cold, so no burn this time), I lay down for a nap. I slept for a long time, and finally woke up again hours later.

In the middle of the night.

### Chapter 3 by Sarah Matisse-Damon



The thing that woke me, I don't know. It could have been my kitten, Charlie, scratching my door. Or my dad getting out of bed to contemplate life. Or, it could have been my imagination. My phone had died, so I couldn't slowly lull myself to sleep by looking at my phone, and I certainly couldn't go get the charger from my dad's room. I decided to leave my room and go outside.

Now that I think about it, it was stupid. Why go outside? Because I was 13. I wanted to be cool, emo even.

I live on a long street. A bunch of gangs walk around at night. This particular night though, only one boy was there. I first noticed him when I saw 2 reflective circles in the night. He was sitting on the steps of my neighbors that lived face-to-face with me.

I hid behind a bush. I was not comfortable with boys. I quit breathing for a while. I closed my eyes and leaned my back against the stairs, using all of my will to try not to cough.

But, my will was weak. I coughed.

"Hi."

The boy spoke.

### Chapter 4 by Eloise



My instincts kicked in and I made a break for it. I could hear him calling after me.

"Hey! Come back! I want to talk to you!"

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But I dashed into the house. I didn't want to follow me inside. That would be freaky.

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I tried to sleep but I still couldn't. I kept jumping at even the slightest noise. I don't think he was inside the house. The door probably locked behind me.

So much for being 'emo'. To tell you the truth, that isn't the real reason I went outside. Honestly, I love nature. A lot. Especially at night. It seems more mysterious. And the air smells really good - okay, that's weird. Never mind.

Sleep still wouldn't come. I got up to go to the bathroom and saw Charlie slinking about. There's a window in the bathroom. I looked through it.

The boy was there, on his front step, staring through the window.

### Chapter 5 by POTATOFLAVORS



He looked sad, almost wanting. His eyes kept darting back and forth, watching something.

He finally went in, slowly. He opened the door, but before he went in, he looked at me. We made eye contact. He waved.

I slid down my bed, and sighed. Why didn't I stay? I am so stupid. I could have talked to him. But I didn't

I woke up next morning, and looked out the window. He wasn't there.

I thought he might be there. I didn't even know what he looked like. Maybe he went to my school. There was only like a week left 'till school started. I could wait that long, couldn't I? It turned out I didn't have to.

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